







Edited by  
EUGENE T. MALESKA

**Activists** By Richard Silvestri

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*By Danilo Dolci.*  
*from the Italian by Justin Vitiello*  
*and Madeline Polidoro.*  
Hard cover, \$16.50; paper, \$6.95.  
East 50th Street, New York 10022

**S**EVERAL months before he was shot to death, Michaudas K. Gandhi asked, "Is the kindness of God or His irony that the flames do not consume me?" It is a wonder that Danilo Dolci, who is often called Sicily's Gandhi, has not been shot. Almost everybody else who tried to help Sicilian workers and peasants out of poverty and brutishness has been shot, usually by the Mafia, while the church orders and the police wink. Why not Dolci, a troublemaker of the first order and not even a Sicilian to begin with?

He was an architecture student on the mainland. Experiencing a discrepancy between Beck in the concert hall and the real world, he turned to the Christian community in Tuscany; instead of taking a degree, he took care of war orphans and cleaned latrines. In 1952 he went to Trappeto, a fishing village in western Sicily. He has been there ever since, teaching school, organizing peasant and artisan cooperatives, agitating for bridges and dams, leading sit-ins and fasts and "strikes-in-reverse." (A strike-in-reverse occurs when unemployed people demonstrate their joblessness by begin public works without state authorization.)

berds, priests, street cleaners, fixers of soccer games, wardens, healers, masons, rhapsists, aristocrats, cardsharps, politicians, pickpockets, tenant farmers, barbers, fascists and robbers of tombs. Play canasta or Z-galect. Hunt snails, skin frogs and collect lead over from target practice by the police. Desert the army, talk to goats, find yourself dead and dumped in a ditch because you thought they were serious about land reform. Fish for eels with a kitchen fork.

According to Vincenzo: "If there's meat on the table, you do eat. You do anything if you're starving. You can't see anymore through your eyes." Vincenzo also tells us: "Once somebody threw a handful of confetti at me and I bit off his finger." According to Bastiano: "The kids look like little old men. Weather-beaten, downtrodden, hunched over from all the work. You can't tell if they're old men, kids or dwarfs." According to Grandina: "If I see a sick kid, I say, 'Save my husband. Take one of my children.'" And if he's really sick, you pray: "Madonna, I lick your floor." Which is exactly, Dolci suggests, what a woman must do — go to the church and lick the floor.

Sarridon goes into the army and can't talk to his lieutenant because he is a Jew. He says, "I can't use my hands. You can't communicate without them. How can you stand there like a poker and talk to people? Your mouth means nothing without your hands." A friend of Fladdo's contemplates the murder of a leader and the silence of those who are silent because they are afraid. "The people feeds pigs." A priest explains that the church teaches "that damage to property is a mortal sin." A criminal thinks aloud about the stars: "There must be smoke with all that fire." And "at daybreak, they disappear." Like crows they go into their perch.

And so on, unto heartbreak, on an island the size of Switzerland populated by a million more people than live today in Norway. Only the grave robbed know any thing of Sicily's ancient history. "Dante's *Divine Comedy*, omnipresent among the children, listening, an architect of muscle and tongue, we ought to be grateful. What is it that he knows? He knows, I think, a great and simple truth put into words by the French economist and naturalist Antoine Augustin Cournot:

"The fact that we repeatedly fail in some venture merely because of chance is perhaps the best proof that chance is not the cause of our failure."

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## Baseball Novel Wins Award

## Baseball Novel Wins Award

*New York Times Service*

**NEW YORK** — W. F. Kinsella, author of "Shoeless Joe," a novel about an Iowa farmer who builds a baseball stadium in his cornfield in order to bring back to life Shoeless Joe Jackson, one of the "Black Sox" stars accused of having thrown the 1919 World Series, won the Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship, Kinsella, a Canadian who teaches English at the University of Calgary, was given a \$2,500 grant, plus a \$7,500 advance for the novel.

**Abstract:** 1. *Staphylococcus aureus* and *Staphylococcus epidermidis* were isolated from the skin of patients with burns and from the skin of healthy subjects. 2. The isolates were tested for sensitivity to 11 antibiotics. 3. The isolates were tested for sensitivity to 11 antibiotics. 4. The isolates were tested for sensitivity to 11 antibiotics. 5. The isolates were tested for sensitivity to 11 antibiotics.

January 15, 1983

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COULDN'T YOU HAVE JUST PHONED ME?

IT APPEARS TO USE YOUR PHONE RATHER THAN YOUR OWN.



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